

Rain on Timora

by Charles Henry



The story thus far: Denise Hampden goes to Timora Island in the East Indies as accountant for the Jones-MacCauley Export Co. Douglas MacCauley, boss of the island, is enraged at being sent a girl for the job, but his anger eventually gives way to admiration and love. His general surliness has antagonized the natives who work for him, as well as his assistant, John Pearson, and the English author living on the island, known only as Christopher. Denise falls in love with the latter. Harry Lane, MacCauley's mine boss, is wounded in a skirmish with the natives and, shortly after, serious hostilities break out. Pearson and Denise escape from the besieged office and reach the shore in time to join MacCauley and Lane on the small boat. Pearson conceals the fact that he has been wounded as they head for Christopher's house.

CHAPTER XI

BY WATER, it was about 2 miles to the foot of Christopher's hill; by land, more than 3. MacCauley eased the launch down the swollen river until the racing conflux merged with the open sea, then turned the blunt bow northward, heading the coastline as the sturdy craft rolled with each battering sideways slap of swelling waves. "Lucky the wind has died down," he remarked between clenched teeth as 10-foot mounds of water fought against the mastery of his strong hands for possession of the steering gear.

Lane looked at him closely. "Do you think you'll be able to land this crock?" he asked. "There's a strip of coral you know." MacCauley grunted and squinted through the dripping glass windows at the dirty, heaving sea ahead. Denise shivered from the cold and dampness. Lane saw that she was uncomfortable, cursed himself for his thoughtlessness, and brought a dry blanket from a small chest. "Here," he suggested. "Wrap this around yourself."

His hands were hot as they accidentally brushed against Denise's upturned cheeks. She glanced quickly at his face. His skin was unnaturally flushed. His breathing was labored. His eyes were dilated. He looked as though he was on the verge of collapse, both from exposure and the wound in his arm. "Chin up," he said thickly. "We'll be there before you know it." He was keeping himself from the blissful depths of unconsciousness only through force of will and dozed courage.

Denise turned to Pearson, who sat huddled in his corner feeling warm life trickle from the hole in his back. He smiled gently when he saw her, and reflected that it was worth dying to see her tender, answering smile. His face was as pale as Lane's was ruddy, and bore the pallor of approaching death.

The journey was hideous. The boat tossed. Lightning flashed. Rain, ever-lasting torrential rain, pounded and beat upon the warped planking of the corklike craft. Thunder rolled in long, drawn out barrages. Denise longed for the moment when she would again be on solid ground, even if that ground was peopled by the aroused aborigines.

At last, after many tortuous minutes had dragged themselves into eternity, MacCauley swung hard on the rudder and headed toward land. "We'll probably take the bottom off," he announced with a show of cheerfulness, "so hold on."

He had scarcely finished speaking when the boat shuddered violently and stopped its forward motion. MacCauley swore as he struggled to snake the launch farther toward the shore before a flood of water filled the hold and held the hull immovable on the coral.

Denise felt like closing her eyes and snatching a few moments sleep, but something warned her to keep herself awake. After a few moments had passed, Lane turned from MacCauley and looked down at her. "O K," he said. "As far as we go. Hop out."

She was amazed to find that MacCauley had brought the boat almost to the beach. Lane slipped into the water, and extended his arms. "Jump," he commanded, and she stepped to the rail.

MacCauley roughly pulled her back. "Just a moment," he said, and handed guns and a large box of ammunition down to Lane's outstretched arms. "This is more important."

Lane had no choice but to obey, and struggled to shore. Denise stood at the unconscious MacCauley, too surprised to do more than sputter helplessly.

"Take it easy, sister," he advised, and went back into the cabin. "Come on, you," he shouted at Pearson, and turned back to Denise, unbuckling his revolver belt.

"Hold this," he directed, and the next moment she was sitting on his shoulder, and he was struggling through the water to the beach where Lane was just depositing his burden.

He set her down beside the box of ammunition, took his holster from her hands, and again slipped it around his waist.

"Look," Lane said quietly. "Something must have happened to John." Pearson was standing beside the hatchway of the cabin, weakly clutching a rail for support. He had dragged himself that far and could do no more. His dimming sight caught Denise's strained face and stirred him to a last effort.

She screamed involuntarily as his boyish figure lurched drunkenly across the narrow deck and toppled headlong into the turbulent sea. She knew instinctively that he wasn't coming up again alive. Lane's uninjured arm was about her, and she buried her

tear-stained face against his comforting shoulder.

"Let's go," MacCauley said shortly, completely unaffected by the tragedy of Pearson's death. In that one cold instant of callousness, Denise knew that she hated the manaroves and Christopher's hill, and stopped dead still as the blond Englishman stolidly approached them, his swarthy servant two paces behind him.

"Hurry," he commanded. "We haven't much time to lose. The natives in the village saw your boat and they're on the way here now."

The sight of Christopher gave Denise an excuse to yield to the fatigue of nervous strain, but before she fainted, she knew that it was his arms that caught her as she collapsed.

She awoke, warm and dry, to see his anxious face bending over her's. She was lying on a couch in a room that she recognized immediately. It was his den, the room in which he wrote. The rich furnishings were oddly restful and reassuring after the numbing hours she had just passed through.

He smiled when he caught the glimmer of relief in her eyes and held a cup of strange-smelling liquid to her lips. "Drink," he said. "If you don't my man Hyde will be very disappointed."

She obediently drank and discovered that it was pleasant-tasting brew. He gravely watched her empty the cup. "Feel better?"

A glow suffused her body and she felt too complacent to answer save by slowly closing her eyes to show that she was content. Within a moment she was sleeping like a child. Christopher gently arranged the blankets over her slender form and turned away. He walked across the room and

stooped over another blanket-covered figure. "Well, Lane," he said, "how do you feel now?"

Harry Lane looked up from the floor, his gaunt face red with burning fever. His eyes were sunken and his breath labored. "I'm fine," he replied. "Just let me know when those devils come."

Christopher promised that he would, but Lane wouldn't let him go without answering a few questions. "How did you know that we were in trouble?"

Christopher shrugged. "I've been watching you every now and then up at your diggings. Knowing these natives, I've been expecting them to blow up. They did, so we're ready for them."

Lane grunted. "Are we?" "Well," Christopher smiled. "This is a hill, it's wet outside. The slopes of the hill are steep and can only be climbed from one side when the ground is muddy. Upstairs, I've got a little embrasure in the wall, and in that embrasure I've got a machine gun."

Lane closed his eyes. "Don't know why MacCauley never thought of one of those things," he mumbled, and then his head fell down. "Let me know when they come."

Christopher watched him slip into sleep and then left the room. When Denise again awoke, faint streamers of gray light played upon the walls of Christopher's room. It was dawn and she had slept all night. She looked out the window. Rain still poured down. She stirred lazily. Then all the crowded, jumbled impressions rushed into her mind, and made her instantly alert. Christopher! Where was he?

She threw off the blankets and got up from the couch. Her eye fell upon the still sleeping figure of Lane. Nothing could have happened because everything was too peaceful.

She hurried into the next room to find him and bumped into Douglas MacCauley. He seized her hands. "Good morning," he greeted her. "Have a nice nap?"

Denise looked at him coldly. "Let go of me," she said. MacCauley released her. "Where's Christopher?" she asked.

The burly man nodded toward one corner of the plainly furnished room

where a crude ladder led to a small hole in the ceiling. "He's upstairs," he said. "Why?"

She didn't reply, but attempted to brush past him, her intentions perfectly clear. Once again her hands were in his powerful grasp. "Don't let me know when those devils come," he said. "I'm not bad company."

Denise thought of all the things that had happened in the short month that she had known MacCauley, and laughed bitterly. In one word she embodied all of her scorn and loathing. "Swine," she said.

His grip tightened. "Listen," he said, his breathing heavy and audible. "I love you." He crushed her lips with his arms, and brushed her lips with his. She couldn't struggle, couldn't avert her face. She hated the physical weakness that made her unable to resist. She screamed once, a short, sobbing scream.

Her breath came in stabbing gasps. Her eyes were blinded with hot tears. She heard some one enter the room, then heard Lane's dynamic voice. "MacCauley, you filthy dog! 'You'll die for this!'"

Denise was thrown to one side by MacCauley, who went to meet his challenger. Her bloodshot vision cleared in time to see Harry Lane twist slowly to the floor, his mouth a crimson gash. MacCauley towered over his prostrate figure. His lips twisted cruelly. "You asked for it."

Christopher had heard Denise scream and as he came down the ladder he read the entire scene. His steely blue eyes caught and held MacCauley's.

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"I'm afraid I'm going to kill you," he said quietly, and the calmness in his voice chilled Denise's heart.

His intention was momentarily postponed by a staccato series of explosions from the attic above, together with a shout from Hyde, who was firing the machine gun.

"Master! They come!" The two men bounded to the stairway. Denise rushed to a window giving over the approach to Christopher's house. Outside, little brown men struggling upward through the rain. Some sprawled in grotesque positions as bullets found their bodies and robbed them of life.

(Copyright, 1938.) (Concluded tomorrow.) Tomorrow: The identity of the mysterious Christopher is disclosed and Timora Island becomes, for two people, a part of the brilliant past.

Drifting of the North Pole station is being shown regularly on globes to pupils in schools of Russia.

LAWYERS' GUILD SESSION FACES TWO PROBLEMS

Low-Cost Legal Service and End of Unauthorized Practice to Be Studied.

Low-cost legal service for persons in moderate circumstances and the stamping out of unauthorized practice of law by laymen will be two of the major problems considered by the National Lawyers' Guild at a convention to be held at the Willard Hotel February 19-22, the guild announced yesterday.

Establishment of legal service bureaus which would enable lawyers to pool their resources and furnish low-cost legal service to prospective clients and at the same time stop much unauthorized practice will be advocated by Karl N. Llewellyn, Betts professor of jurisprudence at Columbia University.

Life Begins At 40

Success came to Alice Foote MacDougall twice—after she was 40

"YOU SHOULDN'T EXPECT SUCCESS BEFORE 40,"

Mrs. MacDougall believes

At 40, Alice Foote MacDougall became New York's first woman dealer in coffee.

At 50, she opened her now-famous "Little Coffee Shop" in New York City's Grand Central Station.

"Serve people good coffee, good food in charming surroundings," she reasoned. "They'll come back for more."

They did. In 5 short years, Alice Foote MacDougall had built up a \$2,000,000 business. She owned six large restaurants—all noted for their exceptionally good food and the distinctive charm of their Spanish and Italian settings.

She was then 63. Her hard work was done. She put her business in the hands of others and retired to enjoy the leisure she had earned.

Twenty-two months later the restaurants failed. She had lost everything and was forced to start all over again from scratch.

MAKES NEW START—AT 65

That was six years ago. No one but her close friends can guess how hard she has worked since then. Today, Alice Foote MacDougall is back on top.

"Women shouldn't expect success before 40," Mrs. MacDougall says. "They are too immature until then. Things they do are experimental."

To excel in any field, she believes four things are indispensable: "Faith in yourself. Imagination—the ability to look past your nose. The mature thinking, that comes only after years of growing up. And Health—so you will be able to dig in and work for what you want."

Their Easy Way to Health is One YOU Can Copy

Proud She Could Help by Earning

Dear Life Begins: Four years ago, I was one of the unhappiest women that ever lived. I complained all the time. Everything I ate gave me heartburn. The housework was twice as hard as it should have been. The youngest children made me nervous. I was only 42, but I had myself convinced that was very, very old.

Truthfully, I'd tried so many things without success, that after I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast I was surprised to find it working for me. But I'll never forget how grand I felt when I could eat a meal and not be bothered by heartburn immediately afterward. In two months I'd forgotten I'd ever been so miserable.

The next year brought some financial upsets. And I was able to go out and get a job. For two years I worked ten hours a day, serving meals to 200 patients in a hospital, and never minded it. I was so pleased I could pitch in and help—and so proud, to think of my actually bringing in money!

I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast, and I don't need to tell you how enthusiastic I am about it.

MRS. B. SMEDLEY

Slower Digestion is Often the First Step Toward Age

If you are over 40, and if you are feeling physically below par, the reason may be slower digestion.

At this age, the gastric juices tend to flow more scantily and to have less strength.

But often it is possible to quicken digestion and improve your general health. Fleischmann's Yeast is an important food that helps induce a freer, stronger flow of digestive juices. This stimulating action comes from the millions of tiny, live yeast plants in fresh yeast.

There is also the added tonic benefit you get from the 4 important vitamins in Fleischmann's Yeast—the Nerve Vitamin, the Cold-Resistance Vitamin, the Bone Vitamin and the Vitality Vitamin.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—3 cakes every day—plain or in a little water. You'll soon learn to like its fresh, malty flavor. One cake ½ hour before each meal will help prepare a strong, full flow of gastric juices to digest your food promptly.

Went After Better Job and Got It

Dear Life Begins: When I had to stop working because of my health, I thought sure it was curtains for me. My job was selling, but I couldn't work at it. I had awful indigestion, and there was a lot of gloom wrapped around my mind.

When I first tried Fleischmann's Yeast, I liked the taste—it reminded me of cheese. I ate it regularly, and the indigestion cleared up. I kept right on with the yeast and in two and a half months I was back on my job full time—toting big, heavy sample cases over a new, bigger territory. And I was happy to be able to do it!

Then six months ago I heard about a really good job—where I wouldn't have to travel. I applied for it and in two weeks it was mine.

I'm riding the crest, but I don't fool myself. If I hadn't gotten my health back in shape, I'd be way down at the bottom by now and no matter how good I feel, I still keep up my insurance—namely, three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

JACK FRAZER

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WOODWARD & LOTHROP THE MEN'S STORE—SECOND FLOOR

Advance Showing of Affordable Smartness

Be Individually Better Dressed with a New Custom-Tailored Suit, \$62.50

Plan now for your new Spring Suit. A suit that heightens or shortens, broadens or slenderizes as the need may be. Only custom tailoring will give you all this plus individuality, perfect fit, and long, satisfactory wear. Select your own type of fabric from a large group of beautiful, fine quality worsteds... your style from a large group of the latest authentic patterns.

Fine Imported Worsteds begin at \$75

New for Spring—the McClelland Barclay Blue Suit, \$37.50

The famous artist McClelland Barclay selected this shade of blue, that you may look smarter... Mid-dishade made it up (exclusively) with their usual excellent craftsmanship... at their regular low price, so that you can easily afford it. More than just another suit, this blue can be worn during the day or evening, Winter, Spring or Fall, and makes up in attractive combinations with white, for Summer. Take advantage of this new, attractive way to inexpensively increase your wearable wardrobe.

Other new Spring patterns in brown and gray by Middishade at \$37.50

Woodshire "President" Men's Shoes, \$6

Style, from the ground up, starts with these shoes for young men who are stepping ahead in smart comfort. Black or tan calfskin with neat, medium toe... featuring the combination last (regular width across the ball of the foot, narrow, snug-fitting arch and heel)... and resilient rubber heels.

Other styles in Woodshires at \$6

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Impatience is a foolish fault—To cultivate a peaceful soul I'll try to telephone each day—It's training for my self-control.

By CANN

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